

CRACK

COMICS

6

SEPTEMBER
No. 44

Captain
TRIUMPH
battles the
evil of
SILVERTIP!

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PAGES
FOR
10¢



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BE A REAL COMMANDO!

LOOK FELLAS—HERE'S A GUN YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN!

RAT
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Stock and mechanism. Tough and dependable!

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**LOOKS
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For your sweetie's birthday!

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THE TOWN!

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CAPTAIN Triumph



Lance Gallant calls forth the spirit of his dead twin brother, Michael, to form the indomitable Captain Triumph!

LANCE GALLANT

Comrades three in conversation -- and Biff has a strange story to tell to Lance and Kim....



JUST SILVERTIP! AND HE'S AS STRANGE AS HIS NAME! HE CALLED UP GHOSTS AND SPIRITS --

I SUPPOSE THEY TOLD YOU WHERE TO FIND THAT LOST SEAL RING OF YOURS!



SURE THEY DID! HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT, LANCE?

I NOTICED YOU'RE WEARING IT AGAIN! THAT'S A GAG USED BY LOTS OF FAKE WIZARDS!



IF IT'S A GAG, IT'S INTERESTING! MAYBE I'LL VISIT THIS SILVERTIP MYSELF JUST FOR FUN!

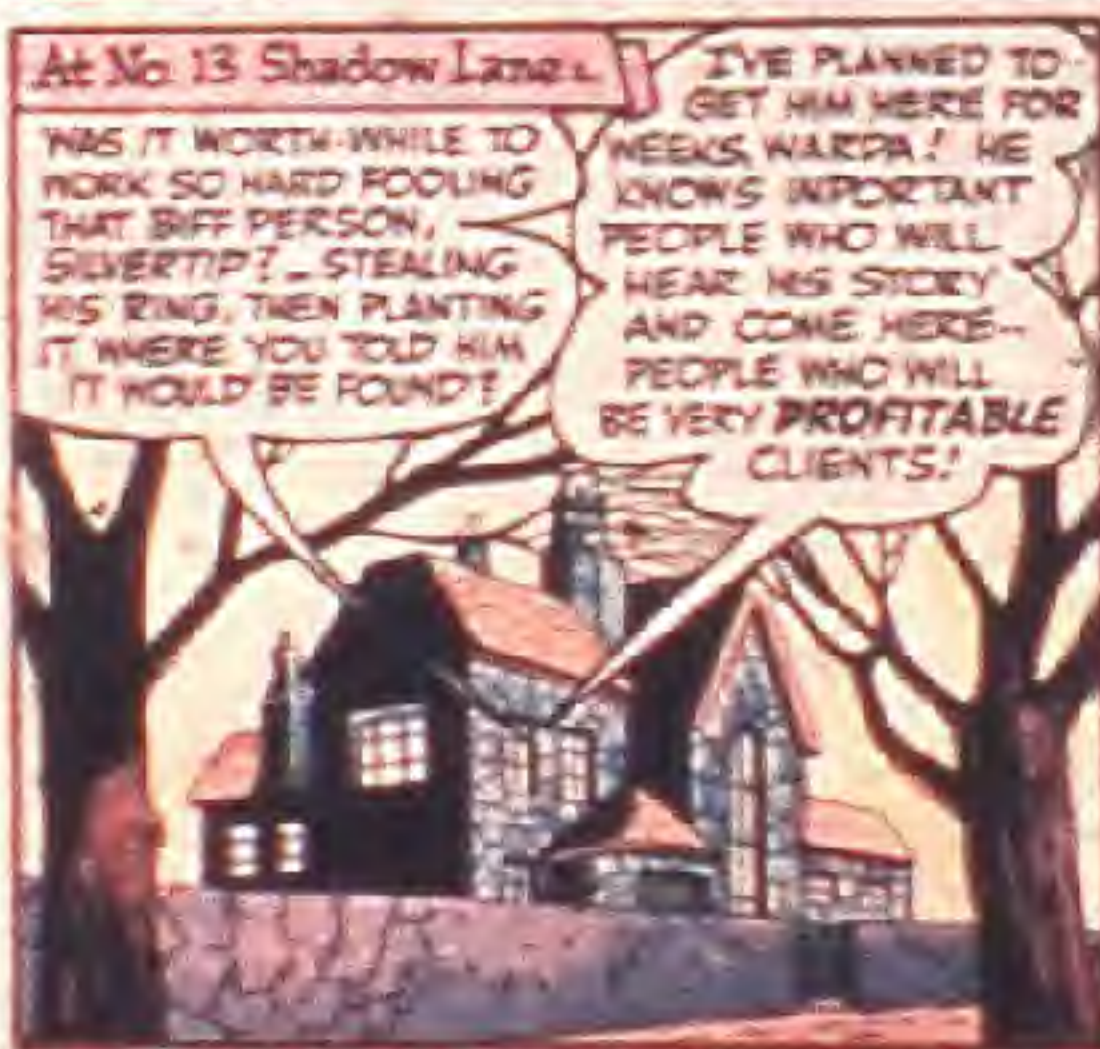
HE'LL SURPRISE YOU, KIM! HIS ADDRESS IS NO. 13 SHADOW LANE!



At No. 13 Shadow Lane:

WAS IT WORTH WHILE TO WORK SO HARD FOOLING THAT BIFF PERSON, SILVERTIP? -- STEALING HIS RING, THEN PLANTING IT WHERE YOU TOLD HIM IT WOULD BE FOUND?

I'VE PLANNED TO GET HIM HERE FOR WEEKS, WARDA! HE KNOWS IMPORTANT PEOPLE WHO WILL HEAR HIS STORY AND COME HERE -- PEOPLE WHO WILL BE VERY PROFITABLE CLIENTS!



THERE ARE MANY WAYS OF GAINING POWER AND FORTUNE! I AM MASTER OF SEVERAL OF THEM!

SOMEONE'S COMING -- A YOUNG WOMAN!











Speeding like a cloud before a gale, Michael's ghost reaches Kim's home....

WHERE'S LANCE, BUFT? I MUST TELL HIM ABOUT THAT WONDERFUL MR. SILVERTIP! HE REALLY HAS POWER!

LANCE LEFT! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT!

PARDON ME, SIR! CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE HOME OF MISS KIM HEREDITH?

ARE YOU SILVERTIP? IF SO, I'M LOOKING FOR YOU!

I THINK YOU'RE A TRICKSTER—A FAKE! I WON'T ALLOW HIM TO FALL FOR YOUR SLEIGHT-OF-HAND MAGIC!

CAN'T HE ALLOW THE LADY TO JUDGE FOR HERSELF?

APPARENTLY THE ONLY THING THAT WILL CONVINCE YOU IS—
OWW!

I DISLIKE VIOLENCE—ALWAYS DISCOURAGE IT!

NOW, BEFORE YOU TRY USING THE OTHER FIST—

I SAW THE WHOLE THING, MISTER! YOU WERE ACTING IN SELF DEFENSE!

I'LL CALL THE PADDY WAGON AND TAKE HIM TO JAIL!

AND I'LL DROP AROUND LATER AND PREPARE CHARGES! MANY THANKS!

ALL, MISS HEREDITH! MAY LANCE? I HAVE TO FIND LANCE!

ARE YOU SILVERTIP? IF SO, I'M LOOKING FOR YOU!

















Kiki Kelly



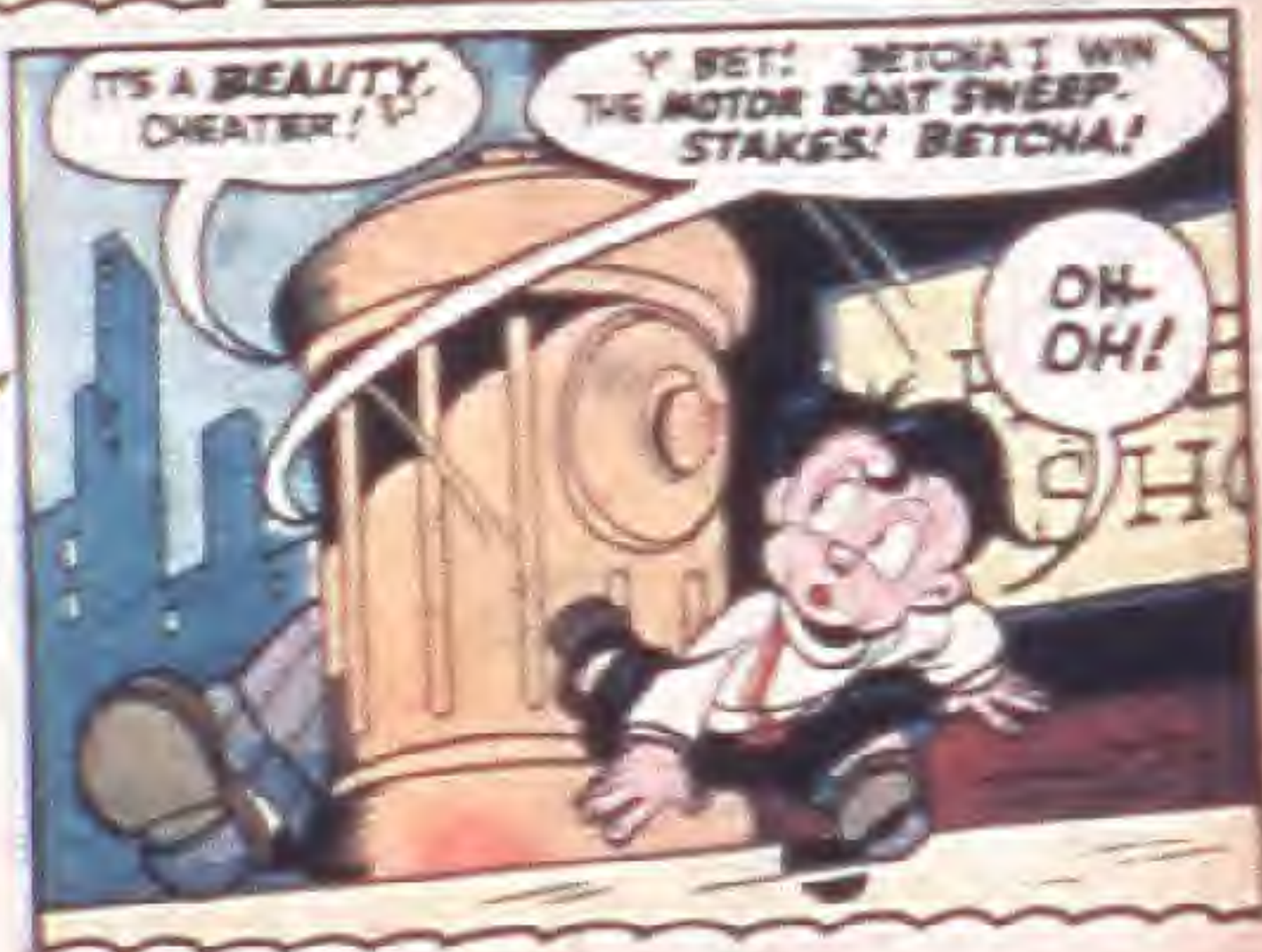
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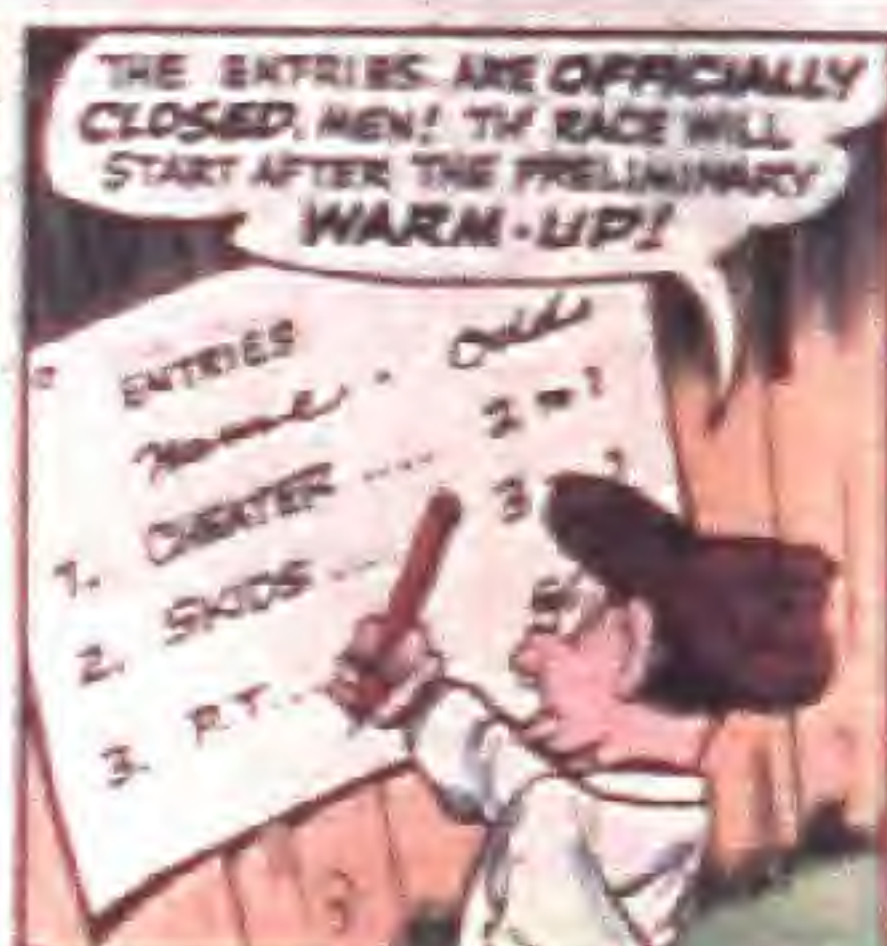
INKIE

He's the **WORLD'S SMALLEST** fellow, just the size of your little finger!
And he makes the best **MODEL MOTOR BOAT** pilot you ever saw!



I'LL BET SOME LUCKY KID WOULD GIVE HIS BEST BASEBALL BAT TO HAVE ME PILOT ONE OF 'EM!









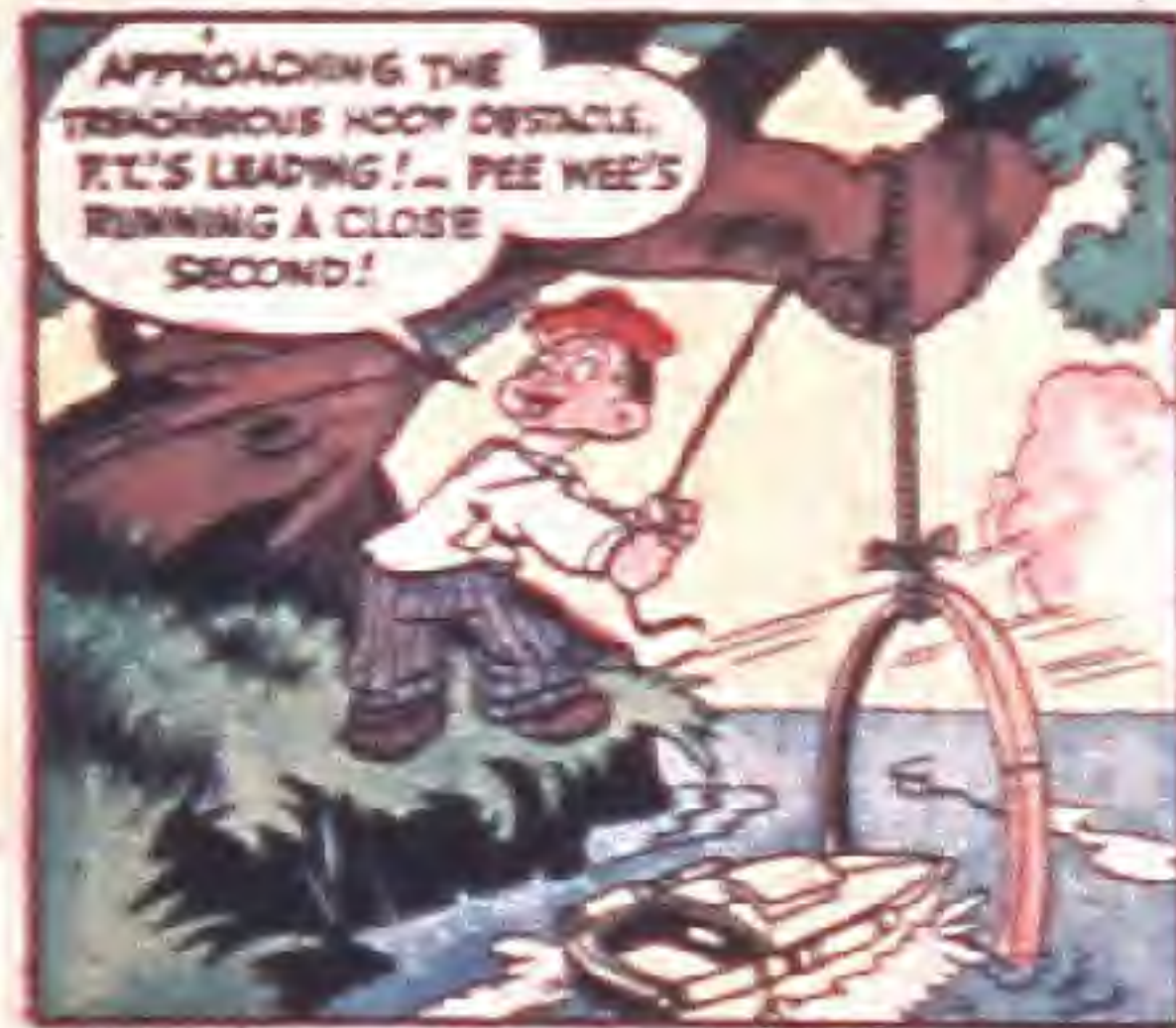
RIGHTO!



SOBE SOBE
YOU WENT AND DONE IT!
SOBE









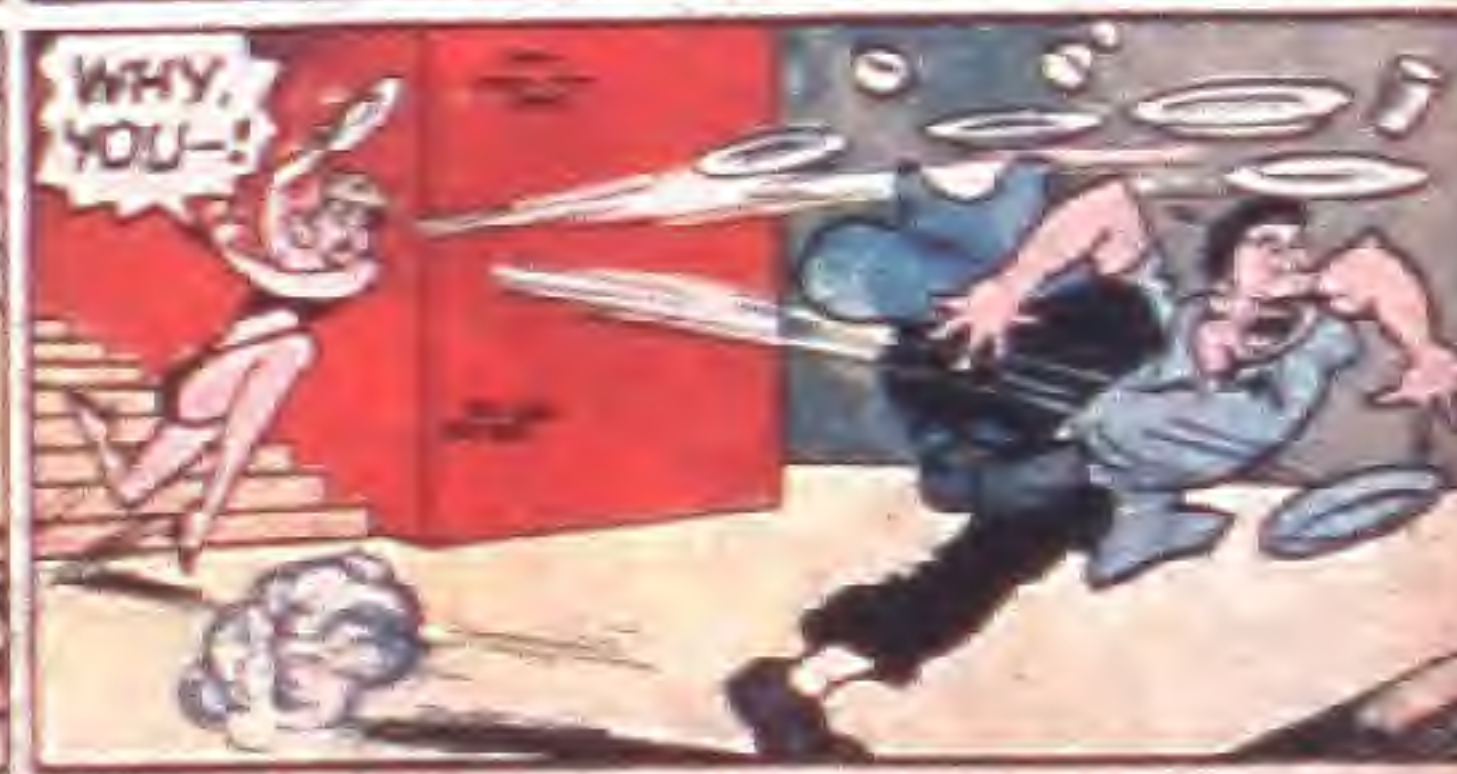


MOLLY the MODEL





Molly the Model



Hack O'Hara

Four skylarking old grads, a murder gun, and one dead passenger! The whole thing added up to a headache for one tough, crime-hating New York cabbie named Hack O'Hara!



DOWN BY THE OLD
MILL STUH-REAM—
♪ ♪ ♪

TAXI!

THE BOYS HAVE BEEN HAVING
A BIG NIGHT! CLASS REUNION!
TAKE 'EM TO
17 RUXTON
PLACE!

RIGHT!









ONE SIDE, JEEVES!



WHAM!... MAYBE THAT BUTLER WASN'T KIDDING! WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO LOOK THEM UP IN THEIR BED-ROOMS!



ER... PARDON ME!



YOU! WH... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERING ME! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT EXPLAIN! THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE GUN THAT KILLED YOUR FRIEND IT WAS IN HIS RIGHT HAND!



WHEN I CAME BACK WITH THE COP, THE GUN WAS IN HIS LEFT HAND! SOMEBODY HAD PUT IT THERE BECAUSE THE COPS MIGHT NOTICE THAT YOUR FRIEND WOULDN'T HAVE SHOT HIMSELF IN THE LEFT TEMPLE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND!

NO! NO!



ADMIT IT!

DON'T TOUCH ME! I KNEW IT WOULDN'T WORK! CURSE WHALEN—



YOU MUST FORGIVE MR. FAVORS! HE GETS HYSTERICAL! BUT I'VE BEEN TREATING HIM FOR A LONG TIME AND I KNOW HOW TO CALM HIS NERVES!



NOW I'VE FIXED IT SO NONE OF 'EM CAN TALK!



SAY, HE DIDN'T USE MUCH OF THIS STUFF ON THAT GUY! THE POCK CLICK PROBABLY JUST KEELED OVER IN A FAINT! HE WAS SCARED ENOUGH! I'LL PHONE THE COPS AND TELL THEM WHAT I KNOW!



A FEW GENTLE SLAPS MIGHT BRING HIM AROUND! THERE, IT'S WORKING!



FINISH THE STORY... AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

WE PLANNED IT... BUT IT WAS WHALEN'S IDEA AND HE SHOT GALLEY! THE FOUR OF US HAD BEEN INVOLVED IN A... A... HAZING ACCIDENT WHEN WE WENT TO COLLEGE! THE POLICE CALLED IT MURDER... BUT NOBODY EVER FOUND OUT WE HAD DONE IT!



OLIVER GALLEY'S CONSCIENCE BOTHERED HIM! HE SUFFERED FOR YEARS! THEN TONIGHT HE SNAKE HE WOULD TELL THE WORLD HE WERE GUILTY!

AND WHALEN GOT THE BRIGHT IDEA OF KILLING HIM IN A CAB SO THE CABRIE COULD TESTIFY IT WAS SUICIDE!



ONLY HACK O'HARA NOTICED THAT THE GUN HAD BEEN SWITCHED FROM RIGHT HAND TO LEFT! HACK YOU OUGHT TO BE ON THE FORCE! WE HEARD EVERY WORD OF THAT CONFESSION!

BLAST YOU, FAVERS... YOU'VE SENT US ALL TO THE CHAIR!



AND HERE'S YOUR FIVE DOLLARS, DOC! I DON'T ACCEPT TIPS FROM KILLERS WHO FIGURE I'LL BE SO HAPPY ABOUT THE DOUGH I'LL FORGET TO THINK!



SLAP HAPPY PAPPY



PAPPY, COULD YUH
HEBBER FETCH ME
SOME WATER?

BURP! POPE! FIZZ-Z-Z
DAD-NABBIT, WOMAN! YUH
OUGHTER KNOW BETTERN
TO DISTURB ME WHEN
AM RESTIN'!



SHIVERIN' TIMBERS! 'AT
MAKES ME DERNERY! NOW
GOT ON WITH COOKIN'
VITTALS! AM'LL FETCH
YOUR OL' WATER
FER YUH!



LAND SAKES, BUT THET MAN'S
SLOW AN' LAZY! I ASKED
HIM HALF AN
HOUR AGO...
AN' STILL
NO WATER!



AN THOT SO! LOOKIT 'IM!
— SOUND ASLEEP!



SO THET'S TH' WAY
Y' FETCH ME WATER,
EH?

BURP! POPE! FIZZ-Z-Z
DING BLAST
YUH, WOMAN! — I'M
A-TRYIN' T'FETCH
YUH WATER!



AN PRAYED FO' RAIN...
TAIN'T NO MORE AH
KIN DO!



PEN MILLER, CARTOONIST
DETECTIVE, BASES HIS
DAILY STRIPS ON HIS REAL
LIFE ADVENTURES!

PEN MILLER



"WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU
TO OVERWORK, MILLER,
ON YOUR FEET!"



"SQUEEZE
TEDLEY!"

"AND A COUPLE OF MY BOYS! WE DON'T LIKE
THE LITTLE SERIES YOU'RE DOIN' ABOUT US!
IT'S BEEN RUNNIN' ONE WHOLE DAY TOO
LONG! IT MIGHT GIVE THE COPS
THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT MY
BUSINESS!"



"AND THEN AGAIN IT MIGHT
GIVE THEM THE RIGHT IDEA
—WHICH IS WHAT I'M TRYING
TO DO!"

"AS THE D.A. SAYS LAST
TIME I'M IN A JAM—
THAT SUMS IT UP!"



"NOW THIS IS WHERE WE STAND ON THE
SUBJECT! GENTLY, JOE! I DON'T WANT
HIM TO MISS
THE SHOW!"

"OH-AY!"









YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE BEFORE I SHOW YOU HOW IT FEELS TO HAVE A WRECKING JOB DONE ON YOU. WOULD YOU?



JUST RIPE FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, TEDLEY! I HAD ONLY ONE PINEAPPLE RIGGED WITH A TEAR GAS BOMB!

LIE OFF! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, TONY! I-SAY... YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE GUY WHO OWNS THIS JOINT!



I'M NOT, SUCKER!

PEN MILLER!



THOUGHT YOU PUT ONE OVER ON US, BUT ALL RIGHT, SO YOU ROUGHED US UP... BUT THERE'S NOTHING ELSE YOU CAN DO NOW! AND WE'LL BE AROUND TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

OK, NO YOU WON'T! AND THERE'S A LOT I CAN DO!



SUCH AS ARRESTING THE THREE OF YOU FOR ATTEMPTED EXTORTION! I'LL TESTIFY AS BOTH VICTIM AND WITNESS! YOU SEE, TEDLEY, YOU FOKE IT SO THAT I COULDN'T HAMMER AT YOU SLOWLY THROUGH MY STRIP—



SO I DECIDED TO DO THE JOB QUICKLY... I WENT DOWN TO THE CITY SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND HAD MYSELF APPOINTED A DEPUTY! THEN I TOOK UP MY POST WHERE I COULDN'T MISS!

BOSS, EVEN OUR MOUTHPIECE IS GONNA HAVE IT TIGHT TO BEAT THIS RAP FOR US!

SAHARA FIREWORKS

THE tribesmen, burnoused and white-robed, rode at a mad pace across the desert, yelling and looting. It was a motley gang of cut-throats, led by a renegade.

The small government group making geo-physical tests on the edge of the N'pangi were caught totally unware and unprotected. The tribesmen were upon them from all sides and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were all dead.

High above the desert a small plane circled the spot and the pilot looked down through glasses at the scene of carnage. Eric Vale, flying for the government group, ground his teeth. It was not the fault of the desert men; rather, it was solely the dirty work of that unspeakable renegade, Topham Crane.

Topham Crane was a match for Lord Haw Haw. Like the latter, he thought himself duped out of something he wanted by his country. Like Haw Haw, he turned to the enemy in his revenge and sold information. By selling it, he was awarded huge oil grants in the desert.

England had no intention of permitting Topham Crane to get away with his dastardly trick. He was a dead pigeon once he fell into the hands of any government agent, or the army.

But Topham Crane was a trickster from 'way back. He knew the desert. He knew the desert people. But better than all, he was a psychologist of no ill repute. And a fixer.

Eric Vale flew back to headquarters and reported what he had seen. Colonel Everts' heavy face flamed a brick-red.

"The dirty low-life scoundrel!" he blared. "If I ever get my hands on his stringy neck—"

"We'll get him," Eric promised. "Now he has all the tribesmen stirred up to revolt. It's going to be tough on any of the crews they catch. We must be very careful."

"What do you advise?" asked the colonel.

"Sudden death to Topham Crane. If only I were permitted to use bombs—"

"No dice," said the officer quickly. "Nothing would please me more than dropping some explosive on that rat, but it can't be done. That's war. If these

desert people are stirred up any more there'll be just that—war."

Eric knew the wisdom of those words, but he fretted in his inability to render Crane helpless.

A few days later, another test group was surrounded and nearly every member killed by Topham Crane's army.

Headquarters in London put the matter into Col. Everts' hands entirely. Whatever the colonel thought was the solution, that was the thing to do. He had carte blanche.

"There is one thing I can do," he told Eric. "I can send a detachment of soldiers against these chaps. Colonial police, you know. After all, this is British territory. We can be unobtrusive about the thing."

"Why can't I be deputized to carry out my little plan?" Eric asked.

"I'm afraid of that, Vale," said the colonel. "We'll try this stunt first, and then—"

Eric continued to fly patrol over the vast reaches of the Sahara. There were at least a dozen groups of geo-physicists in the region, all of them bent upon one thing: finding oil deposits for the government. Oil was becoming a scarce commodity all over the world. In fact, recent figures revealed that there was about enough oil remaining unpumped for 15 years at the most. New domes had to be found, or automobiles and many other wheels of industry would cease to turn.

There was oil in the Sahara Desert; that had been discovered some years earlier. The difficulty was getting equipment into the remote places to drill—then getting the product out. A pipeline was in progress of being laid. Heavy army trucks were being pressed into service. The job was tough, but possible.

Topham Crane was enterprising. He continually increased his ragtag army of tribesmen by giving them bright promises of freedom of British domination, and much gold. Where he hoped to get the gold didn't matter. The natives fell for it. They joined up and willingly went against their ancient enemies.

Another group of testers was wiped out while asleep in their camp after a long, hot day at shovels and instruments. The thing was becoming unbearable.

Eric felt that if he could get Topham Crane, the tribesmen would not have the nerve to keep up their attacks. Our bomb would do the trick!

Intelligence kept up a fair flow of information on the movements of Topham Crane's outlaws, but there were things that only Taurga and Berbers knew how to do, things that no Britisher would understand, much less combat.

More and more white men died under the speeding rushes of desert men. It would soon be time for the annual simoons, when activities would have to cease. Nothing lived through those terrible sand storms. It was all a camel could do to take them. Flying would have to stop then, too.

During the next few weeks, things went on about as usual. It was getting increasingly more difficult to find volunteers for the testing groups. You could not blame those fellows; they went forth on virtual suicide missions. But England had to have oil!

The British lion was roaring and lashing its tail. Colonel Everts was cursing and stamping back and forth in front of headquarters tent. That morning another group had fought a losing battle against a horde of Taurga. Some had escaped, a pitiful few.

Then, suddenly the tribesmen quit altogether. It was as if the desert men had all died. Nothing was heard of Topham Crane. The silence of the desert was not broken by the maniacal yells of attacking sheiks.

"They're up to something, mark my words," said Col. Everts. "This silence bodes no good."

"Maybe Crane got bumped off," someone hazarded.

Everts wasn't impressed with that possibility. "Rats!" he barked. "He's cooking up some new devilry, that's what he's up to."

Eric flew the long reaches of the desert from dawn to dark, without seeing a bobbing speck on the yellow surface. It was puzzling.

No one knew Crane's headquarters, not even Intelligence. The man had become a phantom, an eerie monster who appeared as if by magic at some camp, then was gone, howling into the horizons.

Eric flew far in every direction, taking long chances on running out of petrol. Even to the low

foothills toward the east and south. But no Topham Crane nor wild tribesmen. It was as if a plague had crept upon them all and snuffed them out. But Eric didn't believe it. He thought as did Col. Everts, that Topham Crane was brewing some new cauldron of hate.

The idea came to Eric one evening while lying on his bunk, tired after a long day of flying and straining his eyes into the vast distances. It was such an idea that he feared to tell Col. Everts. The Old Man was one of those stout fellows who had served his country a long time, and believed in brusk measures. Eric's idea would strike him as infantile, foolish.

The next day Eric dispatched a lengthy cable to London, to a certain firm he knew, and went about his business. Two weeks passed with still no word of Crane nor his henchmen. Then one morning a creaking caterpillar truck lumbered across the desert and deposited on the sand in front of headquarters a large wooden box.

Eric told no one what the box contained. Furtively he got it into his tent and unpacked it without an audience. It was filled with strange materials. But then Eric was bent on a strange mission!

Intelligence dropped a bombshell one day with the announcement that a huge army was preparing for a concerted move against every Britisher in the desert. It was forming in the hills, some fifty miles away from headquarters. Clever camouflage had hidden it from Eric's eyes, but he knew the spot and had flown over it dozens of times. Now was the time!

Eric packed his plane with the things he wanted, and waited. Came word one night that the enemy army was on the march—thousands of tribesmen. Eric took off. He spiralled upward, gaining altitude. His scheme required great height, where the sound of his engine could not be heard. At 30,000 feet, he leveled off. The army should be almost below him. Then he cast out a sputtering instrument. The sputtering grew into a long streamer of red fire, which shot downward. Then it burst into a great pall of green flame, lighting up the desert for miles. Through the green flame there suddenly burst a mile-high message written in blood red letters:

"Turn back. Lay down your arms. It is Allah's command!"

Eric couldn't hear the cacophany of sound the message caused. But the Arabs hung their weapons down and turned tail for the hills. It was the end of the uprising. It was the end of Topham Crane, too.

FLOOGY the Fiji

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!



I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING IN MY BONES TODAY — THINK I'LL SOOTHE MYSELF WITH A LITTLE FISHING!



BOOM



GOSH — DRUMS! — BEATING IN A FUNNY RHYTHM!



THAT KINDA REMINDS ME OF THE STORIES POP TELLS OF THE OLD TRIBAL WAR DANCES — 'CAUSE THAT'S NO JIVE BEAT!



YOW!
AND THAT'S NO BATON IN HIS HAND!







JUST NAIL A
FEW OLD BOARDS
TOGETHER—



A PAIR OF
DARK GLASSES
TO CONFUSE
HIM—



AND I'M ALL
SET—



—TO GIVE HIM
A LITTLE AIR
CONDITIONING!



WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?



THE WIND IS
BLOWING AND
IT'S DARK
AS NIGHT!









BEEZY

By DIB

The Bumbles have rented a cottage in the Mervickwacki Woods on placid Lake Fanspinkpants!

HOW DID YOU EVER LAND IT SO EASY, MOTHER?

I DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE A BIT OF TROUBLE! -AND GOT IT AT A BIG BARGAIN, TOO!

BUT NOT GETTING GYPED SOMEHOW GIVES ME A STRANGE, UNEASY FEELING!

SAY, THIS LOOKS LIKE A REAL SHARP LAYOUT, SIS!



A BEE LIST...

SAY, BETTY, D'YA KNOW THERE'S A BIT OF A MYSTERY GOIN' AROUND THIS COTTAGE COLONY?

GO AHEAD! DISH THE DRACULA, MY GOOD GULLIBLE FRIEND!



DON'T TELL MOM, BUT I WAS TALKIN' TO AN OLD GUY AT THE STATION AND HE SAID NOBODY'LL RENT ANY O' THE COTTAGES AROUND HERE ANY MORE ON ACCOUNT OF A GHOST THAT'S BEEN PROWLIN' THE WOODS AND PEEKIN' IN WINDOWS AT NIGHT!

SWELL! I'M SURE OF AT LEAST ONE BOY FRIEND, ANYWAY!





CRACK COMICS











HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports at a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-chanked, straggly weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man! **FREE BOOK**

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. B10 J, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. B10 J
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name (Please print or write clearly)

Address

City State

Check here if under 14 for Booklet A

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*What you can't see CAN hurt you
—says the National Safety Council*



4 Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're now available.

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EXTRA LIFE
—AT NO
EXTRA COST